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W. R. HEARST.

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WEATHER FOR TO-DAY.—Fair and slightly cooler; northerly winds.

A PLETHORA OF FIENDS AND FOOLS.

Our diverting contemporary, the Times, has suddenly developed a most ardent and uncontrollable sympathy for the starving Americans in Cuba. It cannot endure the thought of leaving them to suffer for even a single day, and the conduct of Mr. Bailey in preventing, by raising the question of recognizing Cuban belligerency, the instantaneous passage of an appropriation for their relief, leaves it bereft of facilities for adequately expressing its emotions. "Is Mr. Bailey a fiend or a fool?" it asks. "His objection delays relief to the suffering. . . . He rouses himself to the commission of an act of infra-human barbarity in the interest of a policy that is not democratic, but is merely Morgan's." And when the advocates of the recognition of belligerency use their proposition "to block the way of an urgent measure to provide food for the starving and medicines for the sick, we must conclude that their minds are so much disordered that they do not realize the uncivilized atrocity of their action."

Really, Mr. Bailey ought to be ashamed of himself. But what does the Times think of one Grover Cleveland, who delayed relief to the suffering, not for one day, but for nearly two years? The condition of the Americans in Cuba is not substantially worse now than it has been throughout the past year, and not much worse than it has been since the beginning of Weyler's reign, if not since the outbreak of the revolution. Mr. Cleveland knew all about the situation, and he persistently staved off action by suppressing consular reports, bullying witnesses and falsely accusing reputable correspondents of falsification. How many times a "fiend or a fool" is he?

And if Bailey be a fiend or a fool for causing a delay of one day, what are Reed and Dingley for extending that day to three? If the relief of starving Americans was so urgent they could have secured it within twenty-four hours by holding a meeting of the House to-day. Instead, they pursued their usual policy of adjourning for three days to prevent the passage of any legislation ahead of the tariff. By the rules of mathematics, their diabolism appears to exceed that of Mr. Bailey by just 200 per cent.

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF OUR POLITICS.

The London Saturday Review, a weekly paper which, after many vicissitudes, has landed on the beach of conservatism, makes of a review of Mr. Bryan's book, "The First Battle," a text for an interesting sermon on Bryan and "Bryanism." In the continuing campaign of the regular Democrats of 1896, the Saturday Review discerns "The Coming American Revolution." Of the late Presidential campaign it says it "was an event of profound historical significance from every point of view—political, social, ethical, international. There is no exaggeration in putting it among the great epoch-making occurrences, like the gathering of the States-General in May of 1789. Here in Europe we still see not much beneath its quaint and naive surface, which was undoubtedly both exciting and entertaining. But in America everything has been changed by it. Opinions and aspirations which lurked half formless in unnamed depths of the public consciousness a twelvemonth ago, are now on top, familiar to all eyes and ears."

Continuing, the Saturday Review proceeds to this curious estimate of the recently defeated Presidential candidate, who continues to lead the Democratic party:

Many clear-sighted people who then fought with all their might to defeat Mr. Bryan already admit the fear that they made a mistake. . . . There are abundant evidences to be dug out from this big book—not without some patient diligence, he said in passing—that Mr. Bryan is the kind of man whom authority would have sobored and restrained. He does not represent any very striking deviation from the frockcoat and white necktie type of American politician statesmen. His face, as the photograph he has chosen for a frontispiece reveals him, presents a curious compound of the features of Mr. Forbes Robertson and the Lord Chief Justice of England, with perhaps a suggestion of Mr. Wilson Barrett thrown in. That is to say, it is strictly a historical face. One sees the self-centred, self-absorbed actor in every muscle and line of it. Men of this order, when great responsibilities are thrown upon them, commonly put forth remarkable efforts to be equal in dignity of deportment and in perception of the circumstantial requirements to the exacting occasion. Very likely Mr. Bryan would have made what even his foes would call a good President—commonplace, perhaps, but reasonably conservative, and, above all things, scrupulously attentive to appearances.

But, the Saturday Review continues in a strain of regret, "Mr. McKinley was elected instead, and a brief two months of his Administration has carried the Revolution forward as swiftly as the Spring sunshine, and showers are bringing forth the leaves and buds. . . . Where there were four Bryan men last Summer, there are already five this Spring, and there is discernible nowhere any reason for supposing that their increase will be checked on this side of the crucial year of 1900."

It is rather an unusual thing to find foreign journals like the Saturday Review devoting attention to defeated candidates for the Presidency of the United States. The National Review, also of London, has given marked attention to American politics, emphasizing greatly the prompt recovery of the Democratic party from the defeat of 1896. Having the advantages of perspective and entire dissociation from the bitterly fought issues of our elections, what these journals say may be well worth reading on this side of the water.

THE EXHIBIT FROM MARYLAND.

Mr. George L. Wellington, who exemplifies the possibility of the impossible by occupying the self-contradictory position of a Republican Senator from Maryland, has illustrated again the essential identity of the influences that now control the Republican party with those that tried to control the Democracy under the Cleveland Administration. Mr. Wellington's maiden speech in the Senate was devoted to a protest against the idea of allowing our Cuban policy to be affected by our sympathies, or by our sense of the obligations of national duty and self-respect. "The policy pursued by the late Administration and by Grover Cleveland," announced the Maryland Republican Senator, "meets my approval, and as a Republican I am prepared to say that Grover Cleveland did his duty in refusing to rush headlong into a radical Cuban policy."

Clevelandism and the latter-day Republicanism represented by Senator Wellington are merely the masks of that sinister financial power that is fast eliminating all considerations of honor and humanity from international relations. It is no longer possible to strike a spark of generous pathos with the wronged or indignation against oppression anywhere in the world without arousing the detestation of the magnates of the stock market, whose bloodless policy has abandoned the Armenians to torments and massacre, betrayed the Cretans, ruined Greece and used the infamies of the twin butchers, Abdul Hamid and Teyler.

Wellington's subservience to this hateful power, for

which the American people have such hearty and well-earned detestation, adds another to the many reasons that should encourage the Democracy of Maryland to make a vigorous attempt at the next election to smash the Republican machine, of which the new Senator is the unquestioned boss, and to replace in power the Democratic party which Senator Gorman has led so long and so well. Senator Wellington has taken entire charge both of the Republican party and of the public service of the United States in the State of Maryland. He has allowed it to be understood that no appointment to a Maryland office is to be confirmed without his license. His machine, controlling the governments of the State and of its chief city, has so mismanaged both that thoughtful Republicans admit that public resentment is likely to bring disaster to their party. Their leader's announcement that he is a humble follower of Mr. Cleveland in his stock-jobbing foreign policy will incline them to join in giving the machine its well-deserved chastisement, with its pleasing consequence of replacing the smug and fish-bellied Mr. Wellington with a Senator generously imprudent enough to indulge in the luxury of a heart and a conscience.

"I am not apologizing for that speech, nor do I propose to defend it."—John Wanamaker.

Here are some of the essential parts of the speech:

The country is not prosperous. . . . The tide will soon set in strongly against the Republican party unless the depression of business is alleviated. . . . The tide will never be overcome until there are ample employments.

The foes America has to fear . . . are our own patient and heart-tired people, our own suffering, much-promised people, who, betrayed and disheartened, no longer have faith in their party, and will turn to any leadership that offers better times, believing that worse times can never come than those now existing.

The young men are growing up indifferent to Republican principles, with no respect for parties of broken platforms, who use national and State patronage in payment of election contracts. . . . There are immeasurable depths of misfortune for this nation and State if the continued use of corruption and public money, and the dispensation of Federal and State patronage continue to be controlled in the interest of office-holders to hold office for themselves and to benefit those who desire to keep Government contracts or money, given by which elections are decided.

There will most assuredly come a day when there will be a mighty revolt and resistance resulting in a revolution that will give birth to a new political party.

So much, and more to the same effect, does John Wanamaker say by way of warning to his long-time colleagues in the Republican party. But more, as a man who has coupled successful business energies with notable political endeavors, he is in a position to speak as the business man understanding the methods of politics and the politician who has won success in business. A Republican, Mr. Wanamaker's indictment is directed against his own party, but there are leaders in other parties who may well take it to heart.

Why should Mr. Wanamaker apologize for such a speech? With the clear eye of the man successful alike in private and public affairs, he has discerned the weak spots in the organization of his own party, and unhesitatingly marked them so all may see. But the Republican party is not alone in suffering these ills. The Democracy has been subject in the past, and may be so subject again in the future, unless its ablest leaders maintain eternal vigilance, to the same domination of the boss and the money bag. To-day Democracy offers an alternative to that "mighty revolt" which Mr. Wanamaker apprehends. But if Democracy shall fail "our own patient and heart-tired people," if it, too, shall become "a party of broken platforms," then indeed the radical party of the future will be an immediate and a threatening evil.

Mr. Wanamaker's speech was at once patriotic and prophetic. He does well to stand by it.

MONEY AND THE TARIFF.

Young Mr. Vanderlip, the recently appointed Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, seems to be a truthful man, a keen observer of currency matters, but a poor politician.

Being asked by the Journal's correspondent, Mr. James Creelman, whether the exchange of Treasury notes and greenbacks for gold and the retention of the former in the Treasury would not result in the contraction of the currency, he responded, "Of course it would."

This is, we think, the first time so frank a confession has been made by a public official in position to speak for his party and the Administration he serves. It is of importance, not because the Republican party will ever avowedly attempt legislation for the retirement of the greenbacks, but because the tariff policy of that party will accomplish the same disastrous end by more sinister means.

A tariff which produces a surplus means the withdrawal from circulation of money exactly to the amount of that surplus. It injures the people doubly, first by taxing them on what they have to eat, drink and wear; second, by making scarcer, and therefore dearer, the money for which they sell their labor and with which they pay their debts. Whether the money held in the Treasury came as payment for gold or in payment of taxes, it would be equally withdrawn from common use, and as the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury wisely says, its sequestration would result in the contraction of the currency, which means the cheapening of labor.

The operations of the New York baseball team in the West tend to create the impression that the Glatts have adopted the Prince Constantine method of winning victories.

Mrs. Langtry executed a novelty in divorce-getting by refraining from giving publicity to the identity of the "next."

It is believed the Sultan will be magnanimous enough to hold Greece as collateral for the generous sums he is claiming.

The attention of the authorities at Washington is respectfully directed to the fact that the relief to the Americans in Cuba will be much more acceptable if it is transported in war vessels.

The controversy over the inheritance tax would seem to indicate that some people are really sorry that they have anything to leave behind.

The latest reports from Nashville show that Professor Barnard has accomplished the remarkable feat of calling a hot-air balloon an airship.

In the midst of all this pushing and crowding we should not overlook the fact that it was Hon. Daniel Lamont who blazed the private secretary way to greatness.

The Sultan is proceeding like a man who proposes to coin his terms of peace without the assistance or consent of other nations.

That Iowa man who tried to rob a bank by means of an old-fashioned jimmy should be lodged in some lunatic asylum.

Next November Mr. Platt will be able to secure a clear conception of just how much his machine has "pacified" the voters.

The Republican members of the United States Senate appear to have a very poor opinion of "Blaine on Hides."

Sam Jones declares that he will fight with the devil only. It is presumed that he bars all other aspirants until they can accumulate reputations.

The Empty Cup That Didn't Cheer.

THE watering mouth of expectation was wiped with the dry hand of disappointment at Morris Park yesterday afternoon. Just before the race for the Laureate Stakes was run the handsome cup offered as a trophy by the Hon. John Sanford was placed on the clubhouse lawn and at once focussed the attention of the chappies.

They flocked about it, admired its workmanship, guessed at its cost and estimated its capacity as a recipient of champagne.

Somehow or other all the chappies were agreed that the winner of the trophy would fill it at once with "fizzy wine" and ask everybody in the clubhouse enclosure to wet his whistle.

When the Thompson boys won the Laureate last year with Bastion they did the honors in this way, and the memory of that pleasant occasion abided with the chappies yesterday, and caused them to reckon that it would take about six cases of brut to fill the Sanford cup properly.

This estimate was made on a basis of surrounding thrills rather than the interior dimensions of the trophy.

But when it was once arrived at the dear boys lolled back into their places to await an invitation to drink to the winner.

The clubhouse gang was well represented in the race. Hennen Morris was very sweet on his colt, Varus. "Long Lou" and "Little Billie" Thompson had hopes of repeating Bastion's victory with The Huguenot, a brother of Henry of Navarre.

Phil Philip Dwyer, who never goes out of the clubhouse enclosure, possibly through fear of the contaminating touch of the oil of polo, wouldn't swap Handball's chances for those of any other contestant. Young Elliott Channing Cowdin, handsome as a Greek god and effervescent as a champagne cocktail, made no secret of his faith in Aratone, while Millionaire Marcus Daly was represented by Glorian and Taral.

Against these plutocrats and aristocrats, including Phil Philip Dwyer—these choice Southdowns, as it were, of the clubhouse sheep fold—were arrayed a half dozen of those racing goats, who are not permitted to touch their cloven feet to the velvet turf of the clubhouse lawn, but have to make the long detour, with touts and trailers when they wish to move their whiskers from the betting ring to the paddock.

This was the situation when the chappies turned from the contemplation of their growing and glowing thrills to watch the race.

There was the flash of a red flag at the top of the hill and in a minute, exactly one minute, the race was over and the trophy belonged not to one of the lambs or muttons that sit habitually on the clubhouse lawn but to a goat of the grand stand, a horse owner, whose presence, under the rules, is not permitted in the clubhouse enclosure.

Here was a pretty howdydo. The sheep wanted to drink out of that trophy most dreadfully. Those six cases of brut were certainly waiting to be ordered, and the owners of the thrills were waiting to be invited.

But the man who had won the privilege of buying "fizzy wine" for the howling swells wasn't a fellow-member with them and couldn't get over the clubhouse fence to stand treat.

What was to be done? A hasty consultation was held and it was decided to invite the goat to come in and irrigate the parched throats of the sheep.

Anticipation was getting fairly cotton-mouthed when word was received that, while the goat appreciated the honor of the invitation, he could not think of invading the sacred precincts of a reservation that he was accustomed to circumnavigate at least six times every racing day.

And thus it happened that the bleats of disappointment that came hot and shrill from the desecrated throats of the clubhouse lambs sounded like a chorus of dummy engines relieving themselves of superfluous steam.

And the goat, well, that was another matter. There was nothing dry about that, although it was outside the clubhouse enclosure.

Isn't this Prince Luigi of Savoy, Duke of Abruzzi and nephew of the King of Italy, who is said to be coming here, that same Prince Luigi, who attended the Horse Show last year and nearly caused a riot on account of his remarkable resemblance to the Journal's Yellow Kid?

I remember him all too well, for one of his countrymen, now probably occupied in dusting the streets of New York or in roasting the chestnut, took such exception to something that I wrote about the unusual size of the Prince's ears that he threatened to do me with his stiletto.

For this reason I would wish to have it clearly understood that while I may think that Prince Luigi's ears are large, I have never doubted that they are beautiful.

It is not likely, however, that the Prince will linger long in New York, as it is said that he is bent on climbing Mount St. Elias and other high points in the Western part of North America.

The announcement of the engagement of James Tallmadge Van Rensselaer to the widow of General Eli Parker recalls a rumor that ran around the circle some time ago and was to the effect that Mr. Van Rensselaer was about to marry a beautiful Indian maiden. When asked about the matter by a social guide, Mr. Van Rensselaer explained that the only Indian maiden he knew was the daughter of General Parker, who was a full-blooded Indian, but that as she was only some seventeen years of age and he was well into the afternoon of life, he felt only a fatherly interest in the young lady.

He is now going to make good that declaration of fatherly interest by marrying Miss Parker's mother.

The monotony of weddings was broken yesterday afternoon by a christening at Dr. John Hall's church.

The star actor in the aquatic drama was Bryce Gray III, the promising heir of Mr. and Mrs. Bryce Gray, Jr.

Several friends were present and manifested their approval of the star's performance.

And that reminds me that Mrs. Isaac Lawrence, the aunt of Bryce Gray III, was probably the only fashionable woman at the launching of the new Holland submarine torpedo boat yesterday.

Mrs. Lawrence owns considerable stock in the concern and is encouraged to hope that she will make a small fortune out of it.

Muller Cry, who served on the jury but has other claims to fame, left last night for St. Paul, Minn., where he will visit friends.

Yesterday afternoon he sent to Mrs. Theodore A. Havemeyer a portrait of her

THE ATTACK ON THE BRIDGE.

Professor Edward W. Bemis Pleads That the People's Railway Be Kept for the People Alone.

At a time when the demand for municipal ownership and operation of city lighting and street railways is rapidly growing, a serious blow is about to be struck at it by the proposed consolidation of the Brooklyn Bridge and the only publicly managed street railway in America. In respect to the character of its cars, its remarkable record of safety and its treatment of its employees, this cable road of 6,000 feet, or one and one-seventh miles of double track, is not only unsurpassed, it is positively unequalled in the world. All the delays of the road last year averaged only forty-seven seconds a day. During the last thirteen years, when 455,150,300 passengers were transported by the railway, only two accidents have occurred which have resulted in severe or fatal injury to passengers.

The employees work only eight hours a day, and receive two suits a year, besides rubber coats and rubber gloves. They are taken care of when disabled, and paid one-half wages as long as they need it. The employees of the New York and Brooklyn elevated roads work ten hours a day and receive no clothing. Their Summer suit in Brooklyn costs the trainmen \$9.50, and their Winter suit \$12.00—yet the locomotive engineers on these roads receive \$3 and \$3.50, and the firemen \$1.75 a day, while on the bridge the pay is \$4 and \$2.37 respectively.

On the private owned roads, the brakemen get \$1.50 in Brooklyn, and \$1.50 to \$1.85 a day in New York, while the conductors receive \$1.75 to \$2 a day in the former city, and \$2 to \$2.30 on the elevated roads of New York, but all trainmen on the bridge receive \$2.36.

Besides all this, the Bridge railway appears to be earning from its average charge of about 2.73 per passenger, nearly \$300,000 more than the operating expenses and depreciation, or 20 per cent on the approximately \$18,600,000 which the cable road and its terminals seem to have cost. This profit is 1 1/2 per cent on the entire cost of the Bridge of about \$21,000,000, or nearly one-half the interest charge.

Yet the Trustees of this Bridge have reported favorably on the proposition to transport the trains of the elevated roads across the river at the merely nominal charge of about 6 1/2 cents each way, or scarcely the cost of the coal required for the motive power, to say nothing of the labor, the cost of maintenance and other items, which together are over three times the cost of the coal. In other words, the Bridge cable road, through its Trustees, proposes to sign a contract shortly to transport the cars of the Brooklyn roads for less than one-fourth the cost.

Of course, the Bridge cars will lose most of their passengers, who will be taken over in the cars of the elevated roads. Do the taxpayers of New York care to resign all the revenue from the cable road and pay all the interest on the Bridge directly, and very likely also face an actual deficit in the operation of the road?

An Entering Wedge for Monopoly.

There are some good arguments for city maintenance of free ferries and of free transportation over the Bridge, but none in favor of making a present to the elevated roads. If the people of New York and Brooklyn, after full deliberation, decide to forego all efforts to earn from the operation of the Bridge railway anything toward the interest on the Bridge bonds, let the fares of this railway be still further reduced, say to one cent, but don't for one moment admit to the road the cars of a private company. It is sure to be the entering wedge of ultimate private operation of the road, or of endless efforts in that direction, as so keenly experienced in Philadelphia since a private gas plant was allowed to supplement that of the city.

Every one interested in the use of the roadway of the Bridge by wagons, and over 5,000 wagons cross daily, should also protest against the usurpation of the narrow pathway by a private trolley road, which is likely to be granted a concession for the nominal figure of five cents a round trip, the private road furnishing its own power.

Not a moment is to be lost if these proposed contracts are to be prevented. Every friend of municipal ownership of such enterprises, and every opponent of monopoly in private hands should work night and day from this hour to prevent the impending peril. Every moment is precious. Even the offer of a larger payment by the roads should not suffice to admit their cars to the Bridge.

EDWARD W. BEMIS.

late husband, the only one that Mr. Havemeyer ever sat for.

Indeed, the portrait was not quite done at the time of the millionaire's death, and the finishing touches were made within the last fortnight.

Mrs. Havemeyer, by the way, is looking wretchedly since her husband's sudden death.

She was a devoted wife, and her whole life was centered in her home and in her charities.

She will leave for Newport June 15, but it is probable that no one will see her there.

Sometimes it has occurred to me, and especially when I go to the races, that we must surely have a monopoly of pigsticking in this country, but the following clipping from a London society paper indicates that social swine are universal:

"English society, so far as young men are concerned, is very frankly greedy. It was a very well known young man who once sauntered into the supper room of a great house to ask 'if the quails were on yet,' and who, on receiving a negative reply, went out with a promise that he would call again. It also happened at a very big house in Grosvenor Square that several young men came and rapped with-out even ascending the stairs to speak to the hostess. They were 'dancing at the Duchess of —'s,' they explained, but they knew where they would find the best food."

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

The Sea Serpent's Successor.

Never more will the sea serpent bristle. Squirling flames from his nostrils, disport On the crest of the billow that's whistling As the star of the Summer resort.

He must soon as the hot weather hummer Hide his head in the deep coral cave, For the airship's the star of the Summer, That's supreme on the land and the wave.

First the airship astounds Saccarappa, Then it's aloft to Nantucket it flies; Then it flits like a wrathful war Napa, While emitting Greek fire from its eyes. Oh, it sports in a whirlwind fashion, Leaving sulphurous fumes in its wake, And the bonfire bets in his passion 'Twill be the crown from the sea serpent's rake.

The hotel men are novelties seeking. For they wish to remain in the swim— Oh, the serpent with mothholes is seeking, Though with camphor he's filled to the brim.

He is collared in the cellar, mist-tainted, Like the hose that along the lawn squirts. Ne'er again with bright stripes he'll be painted In the style of our gay Summer shirts.

Then hurrah for the airship uncanny, While it glides with imperious pomp From Beersheba clean over to Danny, Through the forest and slime-dripping swamp.

Wave-reflected as in a smooth pier glass May it like the proud albatross soar, And be seen through the tip-tilted beer glass.

When the sea serpent wriggles no more, R. K. MCKINTIRICK.

What He Wanted.

The manager who was in need of a press agent listened to the young man's story, but it was evident that he was not impressed.

"I'm afraid you won't do," he said. "Possibly," returned the young man, bitterly, "you doubt my ability as a writer. I would like to refer you to—"

"Oh, it isn't that," interrupted the manager. "You don't catch the idea of the job at all. A good press agent should be an inventor rather than a writer. If he'll only invent the stuff there's no trouble about getting people to write it up."

Naval Item.

Having won a speed bonus, the gunboat Nashville is expected to turn a few somersaults or perform some of the other fancy evolutions peculiar to our navy.

"Publicity."

Brooklyn comes to the front with a four-legged chicken. If Mr. Pulitzer is not overlooking any bats he will proceed to attribute this remarkable result to his "Publicity" policy.

Social Rank Below Stairs.

The colored porters employed on the sleeping cars of the Pullman service have petitioned for higher wages, alleging in their complaint that their present rate of pay is too small to permit them to support themselves and their families, and that the tips given by the travelling public have fallen away of late years in number and dimensions to such an extent as to make a material difference in their incomes.

Now, according to comic newspaper authority, the African sleeping car porter is a tyrant who seeks to secure a temperature for the car that shall remind him of the tropical home of his forefathers, and then "holds up" all the passengers at the point of his whisk broom for their small change. This view of a really industrious and useful servant is an unjust one, and, although the custom of tipping is not one to be encouraged, nevertheless it must stand of the car porter that he is one of the few of the many who demand tips who actually do something for the money.

In the matter of blacking boots in the silent watches of the night his zeal is proverbial, and he'll even black a pair of patent leather pumps unless notice is served on him beforehand. It is impossible to hide a pair of shoes where he will not find them without shaking their owner, and as the train nears its destination his activity with the whisk broom is such as to excite general comment. He does, however, render innumerable small services to his clients in a most engaging and cheerful manner, and he certainly deserves a \$10 fee in comparison with the imp of darkness who lurks under hotel staircases and springs out upon becoming travellers with his whisk broom in his hand to render an utterly unnecessary service. In some hotels a guest cannot walk from the desk to the dining room door without being caught and brushed once or twice, whereas the sleeping car man never draws his weapon until just at the close of the journey.

Moreover, the sleeping car porter has for many years enjoyed an enviable standing in the colored society of New York, largely because of the abundance of quarters in his pockets, but partly because of his polished manners, great conversational gifts and other charms which denote the experienced and intelligent traveller. The African is naturally imitative, and to the credit of our colored citizens be it said that he always strives to imitate the best and not the worst that he is brought in contact with. Put a colored boy at work in a gambling house, on the race track or in some other place frequented by men of all classes, from the gentleman to the crook, and by some strange process he will contrive to absorb and assimilate the manners and style of conversation of the best people that he meets, so that in the course of two or three years' time he will be distinctly gentlemanly in his behavior and have at his tongue's end a vocabulary of well-sounding words, which he will employ with great frequency and effect. There will be nothing in his manner to show the result of contact with the roughs and blackguards whom he has served as well as the gentlemen, and consequently when he frequents the society of his own kind it will be as a veritable chocolate Adonis, the personification of all that appeals to his own sense of elegance and refinement.

The society that is open to this youth is a large and well constituted one and is modelled closely after that of Fifth avenue, except that it contains more degrees of caste, in which respect it resembles closely that of the English servants' halls, where the social lines are far more sharply drawn than in the drawing rooms above stairs. The stewards of the private cars belonging to the railroad magnates enjoy a very high rank in the world of colored fashion, the very greatest evils being those attached to the Vanderbilt private cars. The sleeping car porters and the cold cream of the barber's profession come next, and in the flush days of the Tenderloin the gambling house attendants had a vogue which departed when they ceased to pocket fees.

The colored janitors and the waiters represent the conservative wealth of the town, and the clergy, of course, maintain a high position. There is no room in this society for the itinerant whitewasher, the hot-corn speculator or the sunny tempered philosopher who does odd jobs now and then and is addicted to repose. Coachmen and other private servants take the rank of their employers, and everything in the way of venal and open immorality on the part of the ladies of society is tabooed in a way that can be commended to the respectful consideration of our own Four Hundred.

A Definition.

"Father," said the bright little girl, "what is lost sugar?"

"There are several kinds, my dear," replied Senator Sorghum. "The most important variety is that which enables a man by a little superior knowledge and prompt action to place himself beyond the necessity of working any more."

Among the Old Families.

"Our market man," observed Mrs. McSwat, as she poured the tea, "is a decided character, in his way. He prides himself on his pedigree, and has documents to show that his ancestors came over in the Mayflower."

"I don't doubt it, Lobelia," replied Mr. McSwat, savoring away energetically on the food before him. "I believe his ancestors came over in the Mayflower, and I believe they brought this old hen with them!"

A Suspicion.

Still there is the suspicion that the Senate would have a better lot of contempt to deal with if Broke Chapman should change his mind and tell what he knows.

A Popular Way.

Another and a very popular way of escaping the inheritance tax is not to have anything for anybody to inherit.

Rabies.

"She keeps out of the water, as if she had hydrophobia."

"Yes, and I know fellows who were bitten by her, and they are mad, I tell you."

After that they turned away from the Summer Girl to the contemplation of nature in some gentler mood.

What Does He Know?

"The discord in the Democratic party," says David B. Hill, "is like a row between man and wife." Now, what in the Dickens does Dave Hill know about a row between man and wife?